Clemency *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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New Towns in America

Wolf Von Eckardt

Chickens and Votes

Asher Brynes

Goldwater vs Rockefeller

Julius Duscha

The Wine Is Bitter

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

White Counter-Revolution

★ The biggest single unknown factor in American politics today is the degree to which Northern white workers and lower-middle class voters are going to react against civil rights for Negroes. Nobody can predict this because it is a new situation.

In a competition for jobs the low-income white is often pitted against the unemployed, non-unionized Negro in big cities, just as the immigrant Irish were against slaves 100 years ago, in a bitterness that produced the draft riots and racial atrocities in New York City.

At the same time, the low-income family that has just taken a mortgage for a $15,000 house in the suburbs, sullenly fears that its interest will be endangered by Negro infiltration. It produces a new phase of what Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal called "An American Dilemma" – idealism *vs* self-interest, guilt *vs* greed, conscience *vs* prejudice. This isn't a Southern phenomenon but one in the big Northern cities. "The Negroes are moving too fast," is the slogan. It is the counter-revolution against the Negro revolution.

The problem is not insuperable but it would be unwise to deny it. Mr. Kennedy has stated several times that he thinks civil rights is costing him votes. One or two mayoralty elections hint that the Negro upsurge – or Negro Mutiny, as it might be called, against second-class citizenship – is causing trouble to entrenched Democratic city machines from other minority groups. Particularly interesting will be Philadelphia, Nov. 5, where Republicans are quietly using this election issue against Democratic Mayor Tate.

Analyst Louis Harris has come up with a poll on the subject for *Newsweek*. He thinks the Administration has gained an additional million Negro votes since 1960 by its handling of this particular issue, and simultaneously lost 4.5 million white votes (particularly in the South). Even so, Harris thinks, the President would beat any GOP opponent by 4.5 million as of now.

(The latest Gallup Poll downgrades Mr. Kennedy with the lowest popularity rating since he took office, but still gives him a majority of 57 percent.)

Gunnar Myrdal in his new book (*Challenge to Affluence*, $3.95; Random House) is again looking at the United States, and is worrying about the recession after our next boom. Like nearly every other European he can't, for the life of him, understand why we distrust our government so. In Europe, the State helps ameliorate the problems of unemployment, sickness and impoverished old age. Myrdal is a kind man, who loves America, but he sadly sees poverty hardening into a permanent "under-class" here; a tragic new caste of semi-touchables. "There is an ugly smell rising from the basement of the stately American mansion," he says.

What Is "Barry Sundust's" Position?

★ We thought it would be a bright idea to list the points on which Senator Goldwater switched position in his current Great Mutation from the extreme right to center, but we gave it up as too confusing. The AP's Jack Bell offered some examples: Goldwater voted against the Kerr-Mills health care bill, and after it was passed attacked the Kennedy Administration for "sabotaging" it. Jerry Landauer in the *Wall Street Journal* had a try: Goldwater today, he reports, wouldn't call Chief Justice Warren a "Socialist," as he did in Jackson, Miss., in 1959, and he no longer believes that the Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation ruling "isn't necessarily the law of the land."

Benjamin Bradlee of *Newsweek* had the most amusing experience. Goldwater headed a national right-to-work committee in 1958 and introduced a "mandatory right-to-work law"; he now denies introducing such legislation. Bradlee recalls that Goldwater told *Congressional Quarterly* in August that the graduated income tax might be eliminated "if we had a budget of less than $50 billion." He now denies saying that (it was transcribed by a stenotypist). When asked by Bradlee why he had voted for the $6 billion farm appropriation bill last month in contradiction to earlier opposition, he denied that he had done so; when shown that he was paired for the bill, "he called the clerk of the Senate and had his vote changed to 'no'." Defining Goldwater's position is like trying to nail jello to a tree.

Sometimes it occurs to us that the country will ultimately just burst into a merry laugh over the candidacy of the man the Navahos christened "Barry Sundust." Of what other Presidential candidate can it be said, as the *Wall Street Journal* seriously reports, that he is having a punch card system installed so that he and his managers can find out what he has said on manifold subjects? At the moment they don't know.

Mister Ad Lib

★ Maybe we are wrong, but we doubt if Barry's views can stand examination. Rockefeller was mean to challenge him to debate. There is a tendency to forgive Barry as the victim of too many ghost-writers. But he has another enemy, too. His name is Mister Ad Lib. Just on his recent trip to San Antonio, according to the AP, he told the Military Order of World Wars that Latin American military juntas "are almost entirely operated in the best interests of the countries." And reporter Ronnie Dugger reported to the *Washington Post*, October 13, of the same speech, that he said he didn't fear military men – "I say, fear the civilians – they're taking over." This is a long way from Gen. Eisenhower's warning on the subject. The difficulty for the Republicans is that if Barry doesn't get the nomination his noisy far right supporters are going to sulk, and sit on their pocket books.

And finally, a contributor sends a paragraph from the *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune* quoting Billy Graham: "If I'd stayed longer in England in 1954, I feel the Profumo scandal might not have happened. We had huge crowds and the whole nation was stirred, but I was tired and had lost 25 pounds. . . ."

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Enforcing Civil Rights

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This week *The New Republic* publishes on page 11 a report by Howard Zinn on the effort of Negroes to register to vote in Selma, Alabama. Theoretically, this effort is protected by the 1957 Civil Rights Act. Yet the Act was repeatedly violated while Justice Department lawyers and FBI agents looked on, impotent. These men did, of course, take notes and pictures, and perhaps at some distant date, if their reports look persuasive to the Justice Department in Washington, the Attorney General will bring a case against one or more of the officials who violated the law. But the chances of such a prosecution are not very great. The Justice Department knows from sad experience that only an outrageous case has even an outside chance of eliciting a conviction from the Southern jury, and Southern whites are not easily outraged by the conduct of other whites towards Negroes.

What then is to be done to protect the rights, guaranteed by both the Constitution and the Civil Rights Act of 1957, which were violated on October 7 in Selma – and on many other days all over the South. In a letter accompanying his report, Mr. Zinn suggests that "a permanent federal presence is needed in the Deep South, armed with the power of on-the-spot arrest. What I am suggesting is the creation, by Presidential order, of a special force of at least a thousand federal agents to stand guard throughout the Deep South in protection of the constitutional rights of the people of that region. The force could be recruited to a great extent from young college graduates, Negro and white, who would come to the job with a special commitment to its goals, and would be trained to deal with the problem. It would have the appeal and enthusiasm of the Peace Corps, and the full backing of the national government. And, as the years went on, it would have less and less to do."

"It may be objected," he concludes, "that this envisions a radical new departure in state-federal relations. That is probably just what is needed."

Zinn's proposal has obvious drawbacks. The mere existence of such a force might make many local communities more rebellious, and might make many local police officers even more reluctant than they now are to uphold law and order. In the long run such a force might mean shifting responsibility for law enforcement from the local to the federal level. This would require the creation of a full-fledged national police force. Nevertheless, it may well be that nothing short of this will secure the Negro his full rights as a citizen of the United States.

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Certainly none of the legislative proposals recently made by liberal Congressmen would have helped in Selma. Last week the Attorney General made an emergency sortie to the Hill, for example, to tell the House Judiciary Committee that its efforts to "strengthen" the Administration's civil rights bill would make it harder to pass the bill, and even if enacted would be of little value either to him or to the Negroes he is supposed to protect. At present, everyone wants to help the Negro by making more and more forms of appalling behavior by whites illegal. This is all very well in moderate communities where the mere fact of a deed's being illegal makes it less likely. But it does not take us very far in Selma. There, the problem is how to enforce laws and implement powers already on the books. Only when we figure out how to do that will the creation of new civil rights, either of the type proposed by the Kennedy Administration or the broader type advocated by some liberal Democrats, have a significant effect in Selma. Indeed, it seems that many of the proponents of this legislation recognize its irrelevance, and having proved their militance to Negro constituents will allow their proposals to die.

The Constitution requires that alleged violators of the law be given trial by jury, in the community where the crime is alleged to have been committed. Juries being human, this means that no law, whether on civil rights or any other subject, can be effectively enforced in the courts when it is violently opposed by a large proportion of the local community. This is especially true when, as in civil rights cases, the white officials who deny Negroes their rights enter the court as defendants, with all the advantages that implies under our system of justice.

We have said before, and we must say again, that the long-term objective of the civil rights movement should not be to subdue the white supremacist in the South but to change him. For no minority so large and so determined as the white supremacists can be permanently subdued without radical (and lamentable) changes in American life. Only if the white supremacists change can a just, peaceable, multi-racial society be created in the South – or, indeed, in the North.

There are some who believe that if the segregationists were subdued by force, they would of necessity change. Perhaps so. There are many people who respect force, and many who will adopt to any fact, even integration, once all hope of preventing it is gone. On the other hand, force was tried once before, during Reconstruction, and the results were not exactly encouraging.

Mr. Zinn argues that once the rights of the Negro are asserted, the need for federal intervention will diminish. This may be true. If we were convinced that it were true, we would support such intervention. But we are not entirely convinced. And while permanent federal intervention may ultimately be necessary simply to prevent anarchy, we do not think the situation in the South is quite that bad – yet. Still, unless the white Southerners show a little more flexibility, Mr. Zinn's approach may be the only alternative to anarchy. That this would be a catastrophe for the nation, and would probably eliminate hope for civilizing the South in the forseeable future, does not make it impossible.

Racism on the Left

Subscribers to the Great Soviet Encyclopedia have found that two pages are cut out of the supplementary Yearbook they received recently – and have been replaced by others. These two pages cover the most recent phase in the Sino-Soviet dispute. Yet not even the fast work of the Moscow printers has been sufficient to keep the volume up-to-date. Since last August Mao has (to quote a Soviet newspaper) "been laying stress with increasing frequency on the color of the skin." It all began with a statement supporting the Negro cause in the United States in which the Chinese leader said that "the race question is in essence a class question."

Nobody denies that incomes and living standards in the underdeveloped and non-white countries of Asia and Africa are much lower than in the industrial and mostly white countries of the Northern Hemisphere. But there is some doubt whether Mao simply wanted to state something so obvious. The Russians at any rate have given a more sinister interpretation to what they call Chinese "racialist" propaganda. They note that Peking has tried for a year to oust the Russians and other "white" representatives from most Asian and African front organizations; Chinese representatives have stressed time and again the common ties of the oppressed peoples of Asia and Africa. The Russians now charge them, in effect, with having invented a new anti-Marxist theory of a "special unity of interests of the Asian peoples" – as distinct from proletarian internationalism.

This "new doctrine" was first developed around 1920 in Moscow by a Communist named Sultan Galiev, who claimed that the backward nations of the East were the really proletarian nations and that there was hardly any community of interest between them and the Western working class. The establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat in the West would therefore only perpetuate Western rule over the rest of the world; real change could be brought about only by a dictatorship of the colonial peoples over the metropolitan nations. Sultan Galiev's theories were condemned as heretical and he disappeared in one of Stalin's purges. For the time being the Chinese leaders shy away from adopting Sultan Galievism in its more extreme form, but if their

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conflict with Russia and European Communism continues they may well be driven by the logic of events into establishing a new color-conscious ex-colonial International.

Tax Cut in '63?

Hearings on the President's proposal for an $11 billion tax cut began before Senator Harry Byrd's Finance Committee last week. Senator Byrd opposes the legislation, since it will increase the government deficit, but alone he cannot kill the bill. The Administration thinks it has a thin majority on the Committee, though it has antagonized some of its usual supporters, like Senator Paul Douglas, by abandoning all efforts to link tax cuts with reforms.

Majority or no, it took nearly nine months for the bill to get through the House Ways and Means Committee and the House. Senator Byrd hopes to deal with the 140 witnesses scheduled to testify before his Committee in two months. The Committee will probably need several more weeks marking up the bill in executive session. Then it must go to the Senate, and then probably to a joint conference committee to settle differences between the House and Senate versions. It will take a miracle to get the bill passed before Christmas; if the proposal is not enacted this year, it will carry over into the 1964 session.

Despite many flaws, the House bill is as good as anyone had a right to expect. In his testimony last week, Secretary Dillon took exception only to the provision which exempts unrealized capital gains from estate taxes. (This means that if you buy stock for $1000 and leave it to your children, they pay inheritance taxes on only $1000, even though the stock may be worth $2000 when they acquire it.)

Senator Russell Long, who succeeded Senator Kerr as the Administration's spokesman on the Finance Committee, also wants to amend the House bill to permit taxpayers in the $100,000 and over category to pay a flat 50 percent rate on their entire income, with no deductions. Of the 30,000 taxpayers with adjusted gross incomes over $100,000, only about 6,000 now pay more than half their income to the government. The others keep their taxes below 50 percent by taking advantage of the numerous deductions available to the rich. In the interests of fairness, it seems that people who have approximately similar incomes should pay approximately similar taxes, no matter how they make and spend their money. Since Long's proposal would contribute to this end, and would cost the Treasury comparatively little, it probably ought to be passed. It would have the additional advantage of silencing conservatives who talk about "confiscatory taxes."

More on Kennedy's Judges

We have emphasized in these pages more than once that the Kennedy Administration's single most important sin of commission with respect to civil rights, which contrasts starkly with its many good works, is the appointment of a number of actively and unabashedly segregationist federal judges in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Mississippi.

Of the many exercises of judicial power which serve segregationist ends, the most difficult to document is simple delay. It is also one of the most difficult to remedy. A blatant instance, involving Judge William H. Cox, the Kennedy appointee to the Southern District of Mississippi, has recently come to light. It is *Kennedy* v *Owen*, 321 F. 2nd, July 3, 1963. The Civil Rights Act of 1960 provides that the Attorney General may address a demand in writing for the production of federal voting records *"to the person having custody, possession, or control"* of them, so that they may be inspected for evidence of discrimination against Negro voters. If the demand is not voluntarily met, the appropriate federal district court is to issue an order for the production of the records. In this case, the Attorney General addressed his demand in writing to the proper persons "having custody, possession, or control" in several Mississippi counties.

He addressed his demand to them by name, and they received it. But in his letter to them he called them Circuit Clerks, which they are. He omitted to address them also by the title of Registrar, which is also part of their official designation. They refused to comply, and Judge Cox upheld them with respect to records in their possession as Registrars rather than as Circuit Clerks, meaning probably that he upheld them altogether, for it is surely up to them to decide which records are in their possession under which hat. This is farcical. It is straight out of *Jarndyce* v *Jarndyce*, or else Kafka. It is also willful. Judge Cox got himself summarily reversed by the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circut. But time was lost. And although there can be no further delay on this score, there isn't a law on the books that is not open to this kind of tactics.

The "New" Harry Bridges

In the inquisitorial atmosphere of a crowded Caucus Room, Harry Renton Bridges four years ago engaged in a verbal brawl with the House Un-American Activities Committee. He refused, under the Fifth Amendment, to state whether he was a Communist and generally lived up to the irascible image he has forged for himself in his 39 tempestuous years on the American waterfront.

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A fortnight ago a Senate subcommittee was downright solicitous as it politely listened to Harry Bridges, the pioneer in industrial relations. He explained how his union and the Pacific Maritime Association worked out the Mechanization and Modernization Agreement which now stands as a model of labor-management harmony. No questions were asked about his politics.

Bridges' transition from labor agitator to labor statesman bemuses those who remember his 18-year war with the United States. Twice the federal government tried unsuccessfully to deport the Australian-born president of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, claiming that he obtained US citizenship by falsely swearing he was not a Communist Party member. Both attempts failed.

Bridges' other enemies have been legion. His early battles with West Coast shipowners were bloody and unrelenting. He fought former Teamster boss Dave Beck (although Jimmy Hoffa is now a pal). The AFL-CIO kicked out Bridges and the ILWU on grounds they followed the Moscow line "without deviation." His own membership has booed him at least twice – once when he urged a "speed-up" on the docks during World War II, once when he opposed the war against North Korea. Recently he publicly chastised some of his own local leadership for perpetuating a "job trust": favoring present members with overtime at the expense of unemployed workers.

Bridges' emergence as a power in organized labor came on "Bloody Thursday," July 15, 1934, when police charged massed picket lines in San Francisco, killing two and wounding 100. The result was a three-day general strike which, although quashed, established Bridges in a leadership never effectively challenged.

Harry Bridges' relationship with the Communist movement has never been clearly documented. Paul Jacobs once called it a "*quid pro quo* working alliance" in which the Party "generally found it necessary to 'handle' Bridges, sometimes wheedling, sometimes cajoling, always feeding his ego." In return, Party members helped him organize, build and control the ILWU, according to Jacobs. This in itself is not unusual. Many strong and respectable unions today owe their success to Communist organizing skill in the 1930's. And many a respectable union leader would not be where he is today without the help of Communist allies whom he later repudiated.

Bridges, however, is unregenerate. Even today he has nice things to say about the Castro regime in his union newspaper. But Bridges' beliefs, whatever they are, may no longer be germane. The increasingly bourgeoise attitudes of his members, less than half of whom are dockwallopers, are a limiting factor. More than this, Harry Bridges is an intensely practical man whose actions are dictated more by the realities of the second half century than by the anachronisms of a 19th Century creed.

His accomplishments are not inconsiderable. The ILWU long ago eliminated widespread corruption from West Coast docks and brought to the once-miserable longshoremen security and comparative affluence. Bridges arrived at a detente with management after a long and costly strike in 1948. There hasn't been a major work stoppage since.

This cooperation, fostered through joint control of worker registration, the hiring hall and arbitration machinery, culminated in the Mechanization and Modernization Agreement in 1960. In exchange for a free hand in automating dockside operations, the longshoremen were guaranteed, among other benefits, a 35-hour week and protection against technological layoff – guarantees which so far have proved academic since workers are now being added after a three-year hiring freeze.

Bridges readily concedes that the M&M plan merely takes care of ILWU members, that the broader questions of "silent firings" and technological unemployment must be solved on a national basis and not by collective bargaining. But it has furnished inspiration to subsequent efforts such as the automation agreement at Kaiser Steel and the Human Relations Committees now spreading from steel to other industries. And, although rival unionists accuse Bridges of "selling out" and "sweetheart contracts," the plan should be a subject of envy to the AFL-CIO International Longshoremen's Association, under whose aegis East Coast docks are still plagued by corruption, wasteful work rules, crippling strikes and far more workers than there are jobs.

FRANK PORTER

Clemency in Annapolis

John and James Giles and Joseph Johnson are three Southern Maryland Negroes sentenced to the gas chamber for the rape of a 16-year-old girl in July, 1961, in the woods by the Patuxent River, 16 miles from the White House.

Their case is such an irresistible reminder of the Scottsboro case as to be an instance of nature imitating propaganda. The defendants were young and the girl's honor a long-interred casualty. Still, Maryland in 1963 is not Alabama of the thirties; the difference, at a minimum, is that between life imprisonment and the death sentence. When Governor Millard Tawes opened his hearing on clemency for the Giles brothers and Johnson in the State House the morning of October 15, a commutation of their sentence to life imprisonment seemed already assured. But poor Governor Tawes faced appellants whose spokesmen were not begging for the boys' lives but demanding their freedom. That too suggests the difference between Alabama then and Maryland

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now. Tawes came to office when the urban Negroes and the rural whites who make up Maryland's uneasy Democratic majority were equally powerful and equally opposed to compromise. The state of Maryland consists of Baltimore, which is Philadelphia spiked with Sodom; Western Maryland, which is a Southerly extension of central Pennsylvania; Southern Maryland, which is like the fringes of Winston-Salem; and the Eastern Shore, which is like Clarendon County, South Carolina. The government of this implausible mixture is the process of tendering unacceptable compromises; the state has, for example, a public accommodations law which applies everywhere except on the Eastern Shore, the only place in Maryland where the segregation of Negroes is general. Governor Tawes is from Crisfield, a fishing town at the toe of the Eastern Shore. In the case of anyone else, this environment might argue an inclination to resist civil rights; but after five years as Governor of Maryland a man's thoughts and movements are less apt to be directed by interior decision than tortured by conflicting exterior necessities.

He hoped, Governor Tawes said in what has become by now his official tone of embarrassment, that the clemency hearing could be got over by noon because he had to attend a civil rights panel in the afternoon. He hoped too that all present would appreciate the fact that the Giles brothers and Johnson had been convicted by two Maryland juries and sentenced to death by two Maryland judges and that these verdicts had been sustained by the Maryland Court of Appeals.

That uniform legal history is the special source of Governor Tawes' latest embarrassment. The Giles brothers and Johnson are Negroes and their victim is a white girl. Race, of course, is something never mentioned in the trial record; even so the whole theory of the prosecution depends upon the fact that the three men were Negroes and the girl was white. The girl had been parked with Stewart Foster, a 21-year-old tough, on a road in the woods. The Giles brothers and Johnson had come upon them, and there had been a fight. Foster had been knocked unconscious and the girl had run from the car to be found later and, she asserts, ravished by the three Negroes.

The defendants told a story which their own lawyers thought was unbelievable. The fight had begun, Johnson insisted, when Foster called him a black mother-befouler; the jury was asked to believe that a lone white man would insult three Negroes in an isolated place. James Giles and Johnson admit that they indulged themselves with the girl, but claim that she was not just ready but forward. She said, the defendants claimed, that she had been involved with 17 boys that week and three more would hardly make a difference. She had also said that she was a juvenile court probationer; and that if the police came, she would have to cry rape. The defendants thus asked the jury to believe that a white girl would willingly surrender to three Negro strangers.

The defense, then, had a theory which went against all reason and habit. But the prosecution had its problems too. The girl conceded that she had not offered any show of resistance, but had merely submitted from fear. The prosecution's theory, as presented to the Supreme Court by the attorney general of Maryland, was thus: "Completely dazed, alone in the woods with three demonstrably violent *colored men*, and afraid for her own life . . . she complied by removing her own shorts . . . and then withstood successive rapes." Without this explanation of the victim's conduct, no capital verdict would have been likely. Yet this explanation obviously depends on assumptions about the basic nature of white girls and Negro men in the dark of the night.

And now spokesmen for the Giles brothers and Johnson were asking Governor Tawes to reduce their sentence from death down to 18 months, which amounted to asking him to confess that official Maryland had elevated a case of molestation to a capital crime.

The original campaign for clemency for the Giles brothers and Johnson had been organized by a group of Montgomery County residents who assumed the three were guilty and objected only to the harshness of their sentence. Life would have been simpler for Governor Tawes if Harold Knapp, a Pentagon mathematician who joined the committee, had not dedicated four months to investigating the case. Knapp discovered that Stewart Foster had a police record for fighting and public drunkenness and made a habit of invective against Negroes. His girl had had a sexual history both bizarre and unflagging for at least two years; she was in fact on probation as a delinquent at the time of the incident; her unfortunate character had, in fact, been familiar enough to Montgomery County State's Attorney Leonard Kardy for him to have put her into a home for wayward girls pending trial of the Giles brothers. None of these facts were given to the jury; and State's Attorney Kardy had some sport with the defense attorney who suggested them.

The defendants, Knapp knew, had told a story which did violence to all tradition. Still, how else could the boys have known the girl was on probation unless, as they claimed, she herself had told them. Furthermore, if there existed a white man in the county who would have insulted three Negroes while alone in the woods, he would have been Stewart Foster; and if there was a young woman in the neighborhood who would willingly have yielded to molestation, she would have been Stewart Foster's girl. Knapp ended up feeling that Maryland owed these defendants not mercy but an apology.

Hal Witt, counsel for Johnson and the Giles brothers, began his plea with Knapp's evidence of the character

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of the prosecution witnesses. The ordinary ritual of mercy for the guilty was turning horridly into a trial of official Maryland. Governor Tawes struggled to turn it back. You talk, he said to Witt, about the reputation of the girl but we have records of the reputation of these three men. "Assault and battery, housebreaking and larceny," he read. Witt interposed that the latter two entries had been part of one count against one defendant and that petty. The Governor went back to his sheet: "Hunting without a license, fined $17.50."

He mustered all the sovereign severity that years of torment had left him. "It appears that they would have been much better off if they just went home," and upon this note of shock at the conduct of two capital offenders, he recognized Robert Heeney, the Rockville, Maryland, lawyer who had defended Johnson in his first trial. It was Heeney who came at once to the reality which no one before him had mentioned and which everyone present understood:

"Your excellency," he said, "if I could change the color of the skin of one of the persons there, this would not have been a capital case. All this thing can be called is copulation between a Negro and a white." Harold Knapp came on to remind the Governor that 5 of the 12 jurors who had convicted the Giles brothers had written him saying that, if they had known what they knew now, they would not have voted to convict. "I thought there were only four," said the Governor. Knapp handed him all five letters. "The state's attorney knew things he didn't tell," one juror had written, "the judge should have let more come out or at least have found out for himself before he sentenced the boys." "It looks to me," another wrote, "as though the state's attorney was out to get a conviction at all costs."

Two of the five jurors, when they mentioned the parties in the case, referred to "the colored boys" and "the white girl." It does not diminish their courage in confessing their mistake to notice the habit of a lifetime which made it so easy to accept the official version of the inevitabilities of any interracial conflict of the sexes.

At the end, the Governor asked if State's Attorney Kardy had anything to offer. He stood up, a large, unashamed young man in a silk suit, and said that he had prosecuted these cases without fear or favor. "After hearing all these facts," he finished, "we have no objection to having you grant clemency as a result of the facts that have been presented to you." Yet not a solitary fact had been presented which the state's attorney of Montgomery County did not know, or would not have been able to find out, before the trial. He had resources superior to Knapp's in every way – except pertinacity and interest in justice. Still, he stood there in the assured virtue of an open mind; Leonard Kardy had just discovered good will. Millard Tawes must have envied the ignorance which made it seem an adequate shield. The case for the defense had been so strong that it seemed certain that the Governor would commute and plausible that he might even reduce the term to 20 years. That would appear about 20 times what the Giles brothers and Joseph Johnson deserve and thus an acceptable compromise between habit and justice.

MURRAY KEMPTON

FOREIGN REPORTS

NORTH AFRICA: *Another Border, Another War*

★ No two maps agree on a common border between Algeria and Morocco in the Western Sahara, where fighting between the two Arab states became general last week. Mr. Ben Bella charges that Moroccan forces supported by tanks and planes invaded Algerian territory to a depth of 50 miles. Morocco bases her claim to this general area on the boundaries of the 17th Century Cheriffian Kingdoms in North Africa. The recent discovery of rich iron ore deposits at Tindouf in the Western part of Algeria is one reason for the border incursion. Another is Morocco's claim to sovereignty over her neighbor to the south, Mauretania, from which she is separated by a strip of Algerian territory.

But until now King Hassan has played down his aspirations in the Western Sahara, blaming previous border incidents on Nomadic tribesmen who wander back and forth. Outwardly he has been friendly to Ben Bella. Last December there even was some talk that his sister might marry the Algerian premier. And in March, the Moroccan King was the first foreign monarch to visit Algeria, where he received a warm welcome. It was then, however, that economic talks on the Western Sahara area broke down. (Hassan wants Algeria to run an oil pipeline through Morocco and wants iron ore shipped through his country.) But even so, Moroccan diplomats seemed willing to let matters ride, while Ben Bella worked out his domestic, political and administrative programs. Apparently, however, Ben Bella's recent internal problems with the Berber tribesmen afforded Hassan too good an opportunity to let slip by, and as this is written he is negotiating from strength.

GREAT BRITAIN: *Without Macmillan*

★ In Harold Macmillan the Tories had a second Disraeli. Now that they have lost him, a single, bleary truth has emerged from the smoke-filled rooms of Blackpool (the scene of what turned out to be a macabre annual jamboree of ministers, MPs, organization wheelhorses,

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constituency notables and their wives). It is that the party must now fall back on the second-rate. For the second-rate is what the party in peacetime always settles for – unless by sheer accident. At this writing the Tories still hovered around four candidates: Rab Butler, respected but not loved front-runner; Lord Hailsham, or rather the soon-to-be Mr. Quintin Hogg, an excitable gentleman who egged the party on to a holy war against socialism in 1959; Reginald Maudling until last week the dark horse Chancellor of the Exchequer; and finally Lord Home, an aristocrat who is so off-beat that even the Tory PR men do not wholly despair.

Like Disraeli (whom he greatly and publicly admires) Macmillan began as a free-lance Tory, a man of unconcealed intelligence and opinion, preoccupied by the social conditions of his time. It was not for nothing that Macmillan fought, in six elections (three wins, three losses), a marginal industrial seat at Stockton-on-Tees. Where Disraeli had to be deliberately converted into a landed proprietor before he could lead the party, Supermac deliberately turned himself into a figure of leisured Edwardian ease. Both climbed to office as champions of a largely inarticulate right wing; both were opportunists, gamblers; both dragged the Tory Party, against its instincts, half a century forward. Where one persuaded the landed gentry to give up the protection of the corn laws, the other contrived to push the British economy into the competition of Europe. Both believed, essentially, in the concert of powers and peace with honor; neither forgot the realities on which peace and influence depended. Macmillan would no more have given up the British bomb than Disraeli would have given up the British fleet.

Macmillan would have stayed to fight the next election, and he would have carried the Blackpool conference with him, against his detractors among the MPs, had it not been for his prostate gland. Or so it seems. But the prostate is not the whole explanation. He would have fought, despite it, had it not been for the long months of the whispering campaign in the Common lobbies. It was the two together that beat him. And so he told the party to settle its own affairs, to pick whichever of his challengers it wanted.

INDIA: *Mr. Nehru's Rabbit Punch*

★ The plan to reinvigorate Mr. Nehru's stale and ramshackle Congress Party has not worked. Indeed, its effect has been to precipitate first of all a struggle for power within the party. Secondly, the administration of India has suffered by the elevation of second-rankers into top cabinet posts.

That the ruling Congress Party has become faction-ridden, its members seemingly interested only in office and the fruits of patronage has been apparent for several years. The prescription for regeneration which the party conceived after its members had been set down in a series of election defeats this summer was that ministers in the national and state cabinets should resign, putting from them all the perquisites and pomp of office, and turn their talents and kudos, enhanced now by renunciation, to purifying the organization and reestablishing it with the people.

"Party before office," became the slogan of the Kamaraj Plan as it was called after the respected chief minister of Madras state. Who could risk showing a greedy and un-Gandhian addiction to power by opposing the plan? Resignations were offered in shoals, the chief ministers of all 15 states and all the ministers of the central cabinet quitting. At the end of August Nehru announced which of these he was accepting. Six of his cabinet ministers and six of the state chief ministers were henceforth to put aside the care of office and labor in the vineyards of the party. Delhi, which had been expecting Nehru to make a characteristically half-hearted response to the plan, gasped and began to look closely at the double-six he had thrown.

A pattern was readily apparent. Some of the departing wished to go and would be highly effective in the party's organization; Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri, home minister, Mr. Kamaraj himself, Mr. Patnaik, the youngish and forceful chief minister of Orissa. But the Prime Minister had also seized the opportunity to get rid of a lot of people whom, for a wide variety of reasons, he wished to see out of office; first and foremost Mr. Morarji Desai, the finance minister, and second only to Nehru in cabinet seniority. Mr. Patil, who had not made a success of the food portfolio; Mr. Jagjivan Ram, whom he had long wanted out of the government, and two junior ministers to make up the half-dozen. At least three of the six chief state ministers whom he removed had been blamed for exacerbating factionalism in their home states.

The departure of Mr. Desai and Mr. Patil from the cabinet removed two of the leaders of the right-wing of the party. By removing Mr. Desai and Mr. Lal Bahadur, Nehru also left the cabinet without anyone of sufficient stature to succeed him.

But while the two likeliest contenders for the succession have now been transplanted to organizational work, the change is likely to benefit Mr. Lal Bahadur and work sharply to Mr. Desai's disadvantage. Mr. Lal Bahadur is essentially an organization man, popular in the party and indeed without declared enemies; Mr. Morarji Desai, on the other hand, has nothing to support him except the amorphous right-wing inclinations of many of his party colleagues, and against that there is quite a lot of personal antagonism to this unbending, austere man.

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THE CIVILIANS LOST THE ELECTIONS BY THEMSELVES

General Park's Victory

Hong Kong

South Korea's heated presidential election campaign, which ended with General Park Chung-hee's narrow victory over former President Yun Po-sun, was a disillusioning and even dismaying experience for the Korean voter.

The major issue of the campaign should have been whether Korea was to continue with General Park's military regime, albeit under civilian guise, or whether the principle of civilian supremacy was to be restored. But until the final days of the campaign, the civilians themselves blurred the issue by factional rivalries which at one time led to six candidates taking the field against General Park.

As for the junta, although it has promised to hold fair elections, in the words of one American military observer shortly before the elections, "It has become so preoccupied with the mechanics of staying in power that it has had little time to think of anything else."

"If the junta thinks it can win fair elections, it will hold fair elections. If it thinks it will have to rig the elections, it will rig them. If it is convinced it cannot win under any circumstances, it will postpone the elections," this officer said.

This is the classic dilemma of military revolutionaries, whether in Korea, Burma, Pakistan, the Middle East or anywhere else. The initial impulse is to sweep out the bad, old, corrupt, ineffective, bickering civilian regime, and to put in its place a dedicated group of disciplined, incorruptible, military doers. The promise is always to restore the normal processes of government as soon as the purification process is completed. But it never works out that way.

The case of Korea is more instructive than that of many other underdeveloped countries, because the country is homogeneous, literacy is high, and communications are good. Three-fourths of the population is rural, however, and urban intellectuals like to think of their country cousins as ignorant downtrodden folk who will do as authority bids.

It is true that Korean villages are still ruled largely by white-robed elders with horsehair hats, that the influence of these elders has been on the conservative side, that for 12 years the base of authoritarian President Syngman Rhee's power rested solidly on these rural elements. But even during Dr. Rhee's heyday, there were villagers who voted for the opposition candidate. Furthermore, villagers are aware that the post-Rhee elections of July, 1960, were fair – in other words, they have a standard by which to judge future elections.

Given this kind of an electorate, the only way in which General Park and his junta members could justify the coup whereby they overthrew the legally-elected civilian government was to show that with politics out of the way they could eliminate corruption and inefficiency and get done the things that needed to be done. It was the rural electorate above all else that the junta wanted to convince, and they began with a bold moratorium on high-interest private agricultural loans, with higher purchase prices for rice, and with a program of rural public works.

These measures, however, were not adequately thought through. The ban on high-interest loans simply meant that private agricultural credit dried up. The government was forced to provide credit, which proved inadequate, and in a desperate attempt to force out hoarded money, the regime decreed a currency reform in June, 1962. This in turn shook public confidence in the government's fiscal policies, spurring inflation without achieving the primary goal of raising production.

At the same time the junta announced an ambitious five-year economic development program calling for an annual growth rate of seven percent. Since American aid was diminishing, the junta sought to carry out this plan by spending Korea's foreign exchange reserves and by printing money. The reserves declined precipitously, from $205 million on January 1, 1962, to $105 million today. Money in circulation doubled and prices spurted 60 percent. The only thing that prevents financial panic is a general conviction that the US will not permit South Korea to collapse economically.

This feeling is probably justified. The Korean War is not forgotten; two American divisions still help 600,000 Korean soldiers to guard the 38th Parallel. But there is a great difference between enough aid to keep a country from collapsing and enough aid to launch a country into what Rostow calls the "take-off" stage of economic development. When the military junta took over, AID officials in Seoul were prepared to help a take-off type program. Now, disillusioned Americans have cut aid from a peak of $380 million several years ago to $124 million in fiscal 1963.

Meanwhile the junta succumbed to the same sin of which it accused civilian politicians – factionalism. From the days of the Yi dynasty, factionalism seems to

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have been the breath of Korean political life, and it has long been the curse preventing the growth of a healthy parliamentary democracy. One reason the military coup of 1961 succeeded was that Yun Po-sun, then President, was a bitter political foe of Premier John M. Chang (though both belonged to the same political party). Yun did nothing to rally the country against what was actually a threat to the principle of civilian rule. Mr. Yun, a nobleman, was again the leading civilian candidate for the presidency, but the memory of his past behavior, as well as of more recent factional divisions, tarnished his image.

The military junta itself, however, has a record little better than that of the civilian politicians. Even today army ranks are split between the majority favoring General Park (a "Democratic-Republican") and a minority supporting the Liberal-Democratic Party, which was also founded under army auspices but which chose as its candidate one of Park's most outspoken opponents, former Lieutenant General Song Yo-chan.

General Song, who once served as Premier under General Park, was clapped into jail soon after he had issued a public statement telling Park not to think of himself as the "indispensable man." Freed once following American intercession, he was arrested again last month on charges dating back to the Korean War. His brief campaign and subsequent withdrawal were conducted from Seoul's Mapo prison.

General Park has maneuvered adroitly between the factions within the military establishment. He has exiled both Brigadier Kim Chong-pil, founder of the Democratic Republicans, and Major-General Kim Jae-choon, who established the Liberal-Democrats.

He and his military cohorts have consciously fanned factionalism within civilian ranks. Among the civilians, many who originally supported former Premier Huh Chung were reportedly bought up by adherents of the Democratic-Republican Party. The same goes for supporters of former President Yun.

So, the Korean voter was presented with a choice between two kinds of failure: General Park had promised but had not brought stability and a better life to the people. The civilian politicians, of whom former President Yun was the strongest contender, were unable until the last minute to sacrifice personal and factional rivalries and unite on a single candidate even to safeguard the principle of civilian supremacy and parliamentary government.

Takashi Oka

NEGROES ARE DRAGGED OFF FEDERAL PROPERTY AS THE FBI LOOKS ON

Registration in Alabama

Selma

There are 30,000 Negroes and less than 25,000 whites in Dallas County, Alabama. On the voting rolls, however, there are about 130 Negroes and 7,000 whites. On the first and third Mondays of every month, the Board of Registrars of Dallas County takes additional applications from would-be voters. The form, however, is a long one, and the applicant is also questioned orally. As a result, the Board has never been able to enroll more than 30 new voters in a day.

At this rate even making the incredible assumption that the Board accepted every Negro applicant, it would take the Board 10 years to enroll as many Negroes as whites. Nevertheless, the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) began a voter-registration campaign in Dallas County last summer. It proclaimed October 7 as "Freedom Day." At 9:30 a.m. on Freedom Day there were 50 Negroes in line before the county courthouse, in the cotton town of Selma.

By 11:00 a.m. there were 250 Negroes in the line, which extended the full length of the block, around the corner, and halfway down the street. Two hundred of them would never get inside the courthouse door.

Standing over these men and women, were helmeted men with clubs and guns, members of Sheriff Clark's posse. By noon, the line of Negroes reached 300. The sun was hot, and the line did not seem to be moving.

Directly across the street from the county courthouse in Selma is the Federal Building. Here are the federal court, the draft board, the social security office – all the visible manifestations that the Civil War was won by the Union and that the national government is supreme all over the United States. In this building, on the first floor, its windows looking directly at the county courthouse, is the office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the police force of the national government, created to enforce the laws of the United States.

Four FBI agents and two Justice Department lawyers spent Freedom Day in this building. The FBI agents

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were taking pictures, and watching. The Justice Department men were just watching.

Through all that happened on that Monday, while federal law was broken again and again, these law enforcement officials of the federal government stood by and watched. By the time Freedom Day was over in Selma, the Constitution had been violated in a number of its provisions, several statutes of the US Congress had been ignored, the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960 had been turned face down on the sidewalk. For all the good the federal officials did, George Wallace might have been President of the United States.

What happened in Selma on Freedom Day?

A Negro registrant, before he got to the door of the county courthouse, had to run a gauntlet of armed troopers and a local cameraman whose pictures could cost the Negro his or her job.

The registrants waited from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., standing in the sun without food or water, without being able to go to the toilet. State troopers told them they could not leave the line and return. (When I asked a Justice Department lawyer standing by if he would go over to the state troopers and say that these Negroes had a right to get a drink of water, he said: "I think they do have that right. But I won't do it.")

There were two "incidents."

1. At 11:55 a.m. I looked away from the line of registrants, across the street to the Federal Building. On the steps of the building – so still that for a weird second I thought they were statues – stood two young members of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, facing the county courthouse across the street and holding signs. One, in overalls and a fedora, carried a sign saying "Register Now for Freedom Now." The other, in a polo shirt and slacks, carried a sign which read, "Register to Vote."

I crossed the street to get a better look. At that moment – it was a few moments before noon – Sheriff Jim Clark and two members of his posse also crossed the street, walked up the steps of the Federal Building, snatched the signs, and pulled the two young fellows down the stairs and into a police car. I have seen a number of examples of the invisibility of federal power in the South, but I didn't quite believe this. I turned to the Justice Department man and asked, "Is that a *federal* building?" "Yes," he replied.

2. Lunchtime passed, but no lunch for the more than 300 Negroes on the registration line. The sun was hotter now. Jim Forman, in charge of the day's operations, sent some people for sandwiches and water. By now, Al Lingo's blue-helmeted state police – commanded by Major Joe Smelley – had taken over from the posse, but Sheriff Clark and his men were still around. Jim Forman and Mrs. Boynton (a local Negro leader) walked over to talk to Sheriff Clark (it was 1:55 p.m.). Forman said: "Sheriff, we'd like to give these people some food." Clark replied: "They will not be molested in any way." Forman said: "We don't want to molest them. We want to give them food and to talk to them about registration." Clark shouted: "If you do, you'll be arrested. They will not be molested in any way and that includes talking to them."

Forman and Mrs. Boynton went back across the street to the alley alongside the Federal Building, where a shopping cart with a keg of water and sandwiches were set up. Newsmen were called over. Mrs. Boynton said: "We want to see if to Mr. Clark 'molesting' means giving people food." Forman told the newsmen: "We wired the Justice Department last night for marshals; we figured Clark might be violating federal law today. But we've had no reply."

Two SNCC members, Chico Neblett, a tall, good-looking former student at Southern Illinois University, and Avery Williams, dark, quiet, stepped forward and filled their arms with sandwiches and registration material. It was an unreal scene: food was going to be delivered to people standing in line in front of a public building, and it was as if paratroopers were preparing to drop into enemy country in wartime.

"Let's go, man," Neblett said. He and Williams crossed the street. We – newsmen, photographers, a few others – followed. The state troopers converged on the two young men as they approached the line. Major Smelley yelled: "Get 'em!" Suddenly the two were on the ground. I saw Chico Neblett stretched out, troopers over him. I saw them jab at him with their clubs and saw him writhe under what looked like shock induced by the electric cattle prods the troopers carried. Four of them picked him up and dragged him away, and then I saw them throw him and young Williams into the green arrest truck at the corner. In the meantime state troopers and posse men were pushing and shoving all of us standing nearby, cursing, threatening, ripping one photographer's clothes. We retreated across the street. The Justice Department men hurried in and out of the Federal Building. The FBI watched.

I walked down to the corner a few minutes later, to see if the line that had extended all the way around it and halfway down the block was diminished by the tension. Some 30 more Negroes had joined the line. I went back to the steps of the Federal Building and waited for Freedom Day to be over. At 4:30 p.m. it was, and the several hundred men and women in line drifted away. A young Negro lawyer, visiting from Detroit, who had observed the day's events, said with emotion in his voice, pointing to the people walking quietly from the line: "Those people are heroes. They should be given medals."

Then what should be given the President and the Attorney General of the US? HOWARD ZINN

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BARRY IS BEGINNING TO ACT POOPED

Rockefeller vs Goldwater

Eugene, Oregon

The small plane came out of the low clouds and the teenagers jumped for joy. "Here he comes!" they cried. At the controls of the plane was Senator Barry Goldwater (R, Ariz.). At least 1,000 persons, young and old, were at the Eugene Airport to welcome their hero to the Western Republican Conference. An hour earlier at the other end of the field only a handful of college students showed up to wish Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York a safe journey home in his chartered small jet. The Conference, like most of the West, was for Goldwater all the way.

It wasn't that Rockefeller did not try. When reporters asked impatiently at a 9:30 a.m. press conference for copies of his speech, the Governor smiled wearily and noted that he had been up until 5:30 working on it. Rockefeller did succeed in dominating the headlines from the Conference by challenging Goldwater to a debate, a challenge the Senator immediately declined. The Governor surely knew this would be Goldwater's response, but it was a useful gimmick good for at least a day's headlines and perhaps a week of chewing over by the pundits.

If it were not for Rockefeller's all-consuming desire to be President, one would sympathize with his personal plight. The constant questions at his press conference about the effect of his remarriage on his political future are cruel. So are the curious stares from older women as they watch Happy's every move and gesture. Fortunately for his present unhappy political situation, Rockefeller is able to hide his true feelings about the prying personal questions behind his aloofness and the touch of arrogance that is not a surprising part of his multi-million-dollar inheritance.

Rockefeller gave a good speech to the audience of 7,500 in the University of Oregon field house. They ate box luncheons of chicken as they listened to him. The Governor tells anecdotes about the fabled stinginess of his grandfather John D. Rockefeller, and the audience loves the stories. The Governor's favorite is the one about his grandfather crawling on his hands and knees behind his desk looking for a dime. But Rockefeller also builds a speech to a climax. His phrases can ring out, his voice can rise and fall and his timing can wring all the emotion there possibly could be in a caustic crack at the Kennedy Administration such as: "What we need is a hot line to our Allies instead of to Khrushchev."

Rockefeller got a surprisingly enthusiastic response from the audience – which included the pro-Goldwater delegates to the Republican Conference, college and high school students and the simply curious who came from as far away as Portland, Ore., 120 miles to the north. But Goldwater got a roaring reception when he spoke in the same hall only a few hours after Rockefeller had appeared. The Rockefeller and Goldwater schedules were carefully arranged so that they would not meet. So organized are the Goldwater claques at meetings such as this and so unquestioning is the support that the Senator commands from his backers on the Right that it does not seem to make any difference what he says. His Eugene speech was a particularly lackluster performance that simply had no bite. Yet almost his every paragraph was cheered. Some of the loudest applause in Goldwater's speech came when he quoted liberally from a 1962 Republican policy declaration that was notable for its meaningless generalities.

The more one listens to Goldwater the harder it is to understand how he could win the Republican Presidential nomination or how he could possibly defeat President Kennedy in 1964. Goldwater is an undeniably handsome man with a pleasant personality. He is quick with a quip, as bright a conservative as Robert A. Taft was ponderous. But Goldwater is a surprisingly poor speaker. His material is poor, and he desperately needs some writers and phrase-makers. For the most part his speeches merely string together the right-wing aphorisms that he has been repeating for a decade. But now that his speeches are being reported to national audiences he will have to do more than repeat his litany *ad infinitum*.

The Senator's delivery is as poor as his material. He is a low-key speaker who almost never rises to any heights. He tends to plod through a speech, throwing away the punch lines. When a baby in the balcony cried in the midst of the Senator's Oregon speech he said without looking up from his manuscript or changing the pace of his speech that he understood why a baby would cry, considering the state in which the Kennedy Administration has placed the world. And when Goldwater ended his prepared remarks he wandered on for several minutes to an uncertain conclusion.

Until now Goldwater has spent most of his time talking to the party faithful, the frustrated Republican conservatives who see in him perhaps their last hope for ever capturing a Presidential nomination. But to

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get the support that he will need from the great middle of American politics the Senator will have to do more than rework the old right-wing verbiage. And what would happen to Goldwater in the debates with President Kennedy that no Republican nominee will be able to sidestep? At press conferences Goldwater tries to turn aside embarrassing questions with vague generalities or attacks on the Democrats, but in debates he would have difficulty doing this.

Nagging questions remain after Goldwater has left and the hall is again quiet. Is his own philosophy and understanding of domestic and world problems any deeper than his support in the Republican Party? So far Goldwater has given no indication of having penetrated beneath the slogans that clutter up politics, Right, Left and Center. And without the noisy claques of college students, most of whom are not old enough to vote, what would a Goldwater rally be? Even at Eugene, where he had an overwhelmingly sympathetic audience, there were mutterings afterwards that the speech had not come up to expectations. He must have been tired, it was said. Perhaps he was, but it is awfully early for a Presidential aspirant to get tired.

JULIUS DUSCHA

Chickens and Votes

by Asher Brynes

Adam Smith and free enterprise have few more dedicated supporters than the new German Chancellor, Ludwig Erhard. He has made something close to a religion of his economic principles, even going so far as to antagonize German business by waging a partially successful fight against cartels.

"The German people has come to realize," he said at his Party's Congress in Cologne just before the last election, "that the basic and most important element in the Social Market Economy is free competition . . . [and] the European Economic Community will have to take a stand on this same subject, leaving no doubt that it is committed to a liberal economic system. For the abandonment of free competition would sooner or later turn the Community into a rigid, centrally-controlled organization. And in the same area you cannot have two different approaches to competition working side by side and on equal footing. . . ."

There is, however, one exception to these principles: it is the farm. "An essential component of society as we [of the Christian Democratic Union] see it," the new Chancellor said recently, "is the free peasant on his own farm. Reckoned in marks and pfennings, it would doubtless be cheaper for us to import agricultural produce, but in this instance, for reasons indicated by nature and beyond our control, free competition is impossible. To apply the rational principle here would mean the end of the German peasant." (In West Germany there are twice as many farmers, proportionately, as in the US.)

He went on to say that, "We do not even pose the question of whether we wish to maintain a healthy peasant community because the answer, for political, sociological and biological reasons is self-evident. And since our decision on this point is unambiguous and final we must carry it out in our marketing regulations. . . . The cheapest source of food does not mean the rational or social optimum because agriculture, as an integral part of the economy, must be viewed and judged as part of the whole."

Why this solicitude for the farmer, who almost alone among German workers is exempt from the test of efficiency? The answer of course is political. Farmers compose 16 percent of the West German electorate. The tiny farms of the Rhineland grow a substantial proportion of the Federal Republic's Christian Democrats, and the slightly larger farms of Bavaria produce equally loyal followers. But that is not all; as these farmers have grown less numerous, they have also grown more politically intractable. There is now a revolution of declining expectations in the German countryside, as in the countryside of most industrial nations. The average West German worker earns 6,000 marks (about $1,500) a year. The agricultural labor force averages 3,700 marks. Yet the impoverished farmers are reluctant to move to the cities, where their labor would earn more. They fear that they would not adjust to city living, or would not find jobs. They know that whatever happens on the land, they will not starve or spend a night without a roof over their heads. They know too that their land is worth something, and they are reluctant to sell for less than they think just. Today these peasants, like others in Europe, are both poor and rebellious. No leader can ignore them – not even one as firmly en-

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trenched and sure of himself as President de Gaulle.

It is against this background that current news about the "chicken war" should be evaluated. To the American farmer this is a struggle over something that looks to him like a matter of principle: his exclusion from a market that he created. He understands that anybody can learn the trick of mass-producing broilers on such a scale that poultry meat is cheaper than fish, which cost nothing to catch but the trouble of sifting them out of the sea. Indeed, the American farm community comforts itself with the calculation that once the Europeans learn how to produce their own broilers, they will need more feedstuffs, for corn is the raw material out of which this product is made – and nobody can grow that as thriftily as American farmers. However, in shutting American frozen poultry out of the Common Market by imposing various duties amounting to 45 percent of the cost, the various Ministers of Agriculture are literally trying to kill *two* birds with one stone.

Small farmers in Europe are backyard poultry producers; they raise a few chickens as an adjunct to their other operations. They can't possibly satisfy the demand created by inexpensive American poultry without setting up to produce in the American style. But the investment in special housing and other specialized equipment would be heavy, and with their peasant problems on their minds, Common Market agricultural policymakers have decided, apparently, that they do not want to see that sort of thing in their countries on any extensive scale. A substantial portion of this new farm industry is to be reserved to the small farmer by raising the duty so that while European poultry will cost less than it used to, before the new broiler technology was developed, it will cost more than the American product. As a consequence there may very well be less of a market, fewer European workers will be able to afford chicken, but European farmers will supply most of what they do buy – at a price that will enable those farmers to pay, in turn, for European feedstuffs.

Now, a chicken war does seem a trivial matter on which to risk the most publicized achievement of the last Congress, the Trade Expansion Act, and with it the prospect that through the negotiated lowering of trade barriers between the Common Market and the US a more tightly-knit Atlantic Community may evolve. The Common Market did offer to reduce its various duties on US poultry by 10 percent, but that has been rejected. The US proposes to retaliate against many of the finer things of life imported from Europe: brandy, wine, roquefort cheese, Volkswagen buses. Just how much retaliation there should be is to be submitted to a GATT committee for arbitration.

In early 1962, just after he saw President Kennedy and talked, apparently, about the prospects for trade liberalization between the US and Western Europe, Erhard flew to Switzerland to accept an honorary degree, and in the glow of his recent experience told the convocation, "America may be called on again [as in the Marshall Plan] to help us Europeans to straighten out mistakes we have made and to disentangle ourselves from awkward dilemmas. To help us with a generous, liberal policy, awakening a new faith and confidence which will lead us eventually to join forces in a greater, common whole." Then he concluded on a personal note: "As you know, I am not one for caution; I take the view that one must strike out boldly if one wants to achieve anything that is really decisive. As Minister of Economics I have learned that, for example, it is very much easier politically to reduce all trade and industrial tariffs by 45 percent, in a two-stage operation, than it is to reduce tariffs on five commodities by five percent. That is the way things are."

When serious trade talks begin in Geneva in the spring of next year, will Chancellor Erhard remember what he said then about boldness?

Why Freeman's Mad

The flare-up between officials of the Department of Agriculture and representatives of the Canadian Wheat Board in Washington over Canada's sale of wheat to Japan has left considerable bitterness on both sides. Agriculture officials have what they think is a justified grievance. When US farmers voted down the Administration's low-production, high-price wheat program earlier this year, the Department's economists expected an outpouring of wheat from American farms. This could have driven the price on the world market so low that our neighbor, Canada, whose prairie provinces depend on returns from the crop, might have been seriously injured. To protect its neighbor, the US made informal arrangements to stem the expected flow of US wheat into the world markets. When the Russians unexpectedly appeared as big wheat buyers, however, these precautions became superfluous. Instead of a sinking market, the prospect was for a rise, which would benefit the US and Canada alike. The Canadians therefore made haste to sell wheat not only to the Soviets but to the Japanese, at a discount of a nickel a bushel *under* the world market price. This cut for big buyers is a common practice among alert businessmen. But it means that the hoped-for rise in wheat prices will not materialize, for the Canadian Wheat Board has committed itself in the months ahead to the low price. US officials are mad, in short, because the Canadians, while eager for the US to keep prices up, have not returned the favor when their turn arose. The cost of this disappointment to the US will be about $60 million.

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New Towns in America

by Wolf Von Eckardt

The vivacious Lady Jackson, better known as Barbara Ward, stepped briskly into the center of the ancient theater. In the flickering light of torches held by young Greek peasants, she proclaimed that the failure of our time "to adapt human settlements to dynamic change may soon outstrip even disease and starvation as the gravest risk, short of war, facing the human species."

Then, out of the dark, they stepped forward one by one, 33 "citizens of a worldwide city," distinguished intellectual leaders from a dozen nations. Among them were Charles Abrams, Edmund Bacon, Leonard Duhl, Margaret Mead, and Buckminster Fuller from the US, S. Giedion (Switzerland), Eiichi Isomura (Japan), W. Ostrowski (Poland) and Sir Watson-Watt (Great Britain). Each spoke a few words in his own language and then signed the solemn Declaration of Delos. It was the culmination of a four-day floating symposium, cruising the Greek islands this summer. Courtesy, Constantinos Doxiadis who thus added dramatics to his "ekistics."

Doxiadis is the fabulous Greek city planner who operates around the globe, building and rebuilding cities from Louisville, Kentucky, to Peshawar, Pakistan. "Ekistics" is a word he invented, based on the same Greet root as "economics" and "ecology." It denotes just exactly the "new discipline of human settlements" the sages of Delos called for. It would combine the research and labors of sociologists, economists, meteorologists and a host of others with that of the planners and architects. The gist of the Delos Declaration is that "the torrential expansion" of the modern city is too serious a matter to be left to city planners alone.

This is true, of course, but not enough. We need, as Walter Gropius has said, search more than research. There is, furthermore, no dearth of constructive concepts which, in this country at least, could use some dramatic torch-light ceremonies to expose them to public discussion and action – government action. For only government is powerful enough to avert "the gravest risk short of war" and safeguard the welfare of the 7 out of 10 Americans who now live in urban areas.

The much-heralded White House Conference, scheduled for this November, was supposed to do just that. But somewhere between the Housing Agency and the White House it vanished without a trace. It is sad and symptomatic of the New Frustration on the New Frontier that our urban philosophers must cruise to Greek islands to discuss the city, while at home, what with civil rights unrest, growing opposition to urban renewal and other headaches, a national conference seems at the moment too hot to handle.

The most promising not-so-new urban concept that should urgently be molded into a workable government program is what the British call New Towns. The British now have 15 and other countries, notably Canada, are building them, too. New Towns, alias Garden Cities, are comprehensively planned, self-sufficient new communities which offer their residents employment as well as pleasant dormitories in which to raise children.

The idea originated at the turn of the century with the inventive English court stenographer Ebenezer Howard. To arrest further crowding of the London slums, he proposed that "Garden Cities" around London's periphery, each surrounded by a green belt which would provide both food and recreational space. But the gardens and the open space were not his only, nor even his central idea. His central idea was the Greek one that any organism or organization has a natural limit. Bees do not build Megalopolitan hives. When their hive population reaches 80,000 at most, they breed a new queen and the old one starts a new colony on a site her scouts have found for her. This notion is as valid for people as for bees. Howard's Garden City, with 32,000 people of different vocations, was to provide a variety of enterprises and a thriving social life.

Howard died in 1928, a knighted and beloved leader of an international movement. But he lived to see his proposal realized at Letchworth, constructed in 1903, and at Welwyn, built in 1920, both close to London.

The gravitational pull of the city prevented Letchworth and Welwyn from attracting all the industry and the amenities they need to become as self-sufficient and lively as their planners have hoped. The English New

This is the last of six articles on urban renewal. During the three months he was preparing these reports, Wolf Von Eckardt *visited Boston, Providence, New Haven, Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and Los Angeles.*

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Towns, too, are said to be a bit dull, lacking specialty shops, theaters and that sort of thing which, of course, no small town, old or new, can sustain. But then the "slurbs, the sloppy, sleazy, slovenly slip-shod semi-cities," as California housers have called our sprawling suburbs, lack urban amenities, too. And they ruin the countryside to boot.

American urbanists, notably Lewis Mumford, Clarence Stein, Catherine Bauer-Wurster, Henry Churchill, Carl Feiss and others, have therefore long advocated Garden Cities or New Towns. The first attempt to build them in this country became part of Franklin D. Roosevelt's economic recovery effort. The resulting three towns (Greenbelt, Maryland; Greendale, Wisconsin, and Greenhills, Ohio) are still shining examples of intelligent planning. The program was abandoned, however, partly because of now resolved constitutional questions, before these towns could attract sufficient employment so people could stay put.

This, too, was the fate of Clarence Stein's beautiful Radburn, New Jersey, built in 1929, and still a model of the ideal suburban community in the motor age. But there are no industries or offices. Like the Levittowns and other suburban developments that followed, Radburn remained a bedroom community, though with better and more congenial community facilities than most.

In this country, the idea has since remained dormant, in part because the new generation of planners became fascinated with the dynamics of Megalopolis, and partly because the federal government turned its attention to the limited solution of urban renewal. The younger planning experts, such as Kevin Lynch at MIT insist that Megalopolis can be made livable and efficient with superhighways and bold regional planning, though there is little to show as yet to justify this faith. The federal government is hesitant to go beyond what is still billed as a mere slum clearance program.

Very recently, though, the New Town idea has again intrigued private developers with apparently more investment money at hand than they ever had before. Private attempts to build self-sustaining communities have been launched at Beechtree, near Atlanta, Irvine Ranch in California, Columbine near Denver and Reston near Washington, D. C. The ultimate test of these efforts, of course, is not their 18-hole golf courses and country club atmosphere. It is whether they will actually attract employers and whether their enterpreneurs are willing and financially able to create balanced communities which include poor people with dark skins.

But we cannot rely on the profit motive alone to promote the general welfare. A still more promising development, therefore, is the recent recommendation of Governor Brown's Advisory Commission on Housing Problems urging California to adopt the New Towns idea under state sponsorship. The Commission, headed by Edward P. Eichler, one of the nation's most enlightened and successful builders, drew heavily on the advice and experience of such housers as Catherine Bauer-Wurster and Charles Abrams. It considers it a manifest need and mandatory that the state be empowered to acquire land and make it available at low interest for properly planned urban and suburban development. It cites that Alberta, Canada, under its New Town Act of 1956, can declare any area of the province a New Town and set up a corporation to plan and finance it. After providing the necessary improvements, the land is sold to private industrial, residential and commercial developers who are given government loans. After development, the town becomes a municipality. Six Alberta New Towns are now underway.

Long before FDR's Greenbelt Towns, George Washington set the first precedent for governmental land acquisition when he bought the swamps on which Jefferson and L'Enfant planned the national capital. Its proposal, the Eichler report points out, should not be associated with governmental utopias but rest, rather, "on the realistic need for assembling fragmented land and providing well-placed schools, streets and utilities in advance of homebuilding rather than after the fact." As Charles Abrams said, "The developers will go where the government puts the sewers."

Though the American New Towns would never be "ideal" cities, simply because our fickle ideas change before utopias get built, they could be proper and livable cities rather than slurbs. That means they would have enough land for schools and roads, shops and homesites and all the things necessary for proper functioning. Most of all, they would reserve land for growth and green space for recreation, an objective the federal government now tries to achieve with disappointing success by contributing 20 percent of the purchase cost of open space cost, with an extra 10 percent bonus if the space is part of a master plan. New Town residents could reach their places of work without the bother and fatigue of long commuting, which would give them more time for their families and the much touted virtues of our newly-won leisure.

"I Live There Already"

New Towns, with places of work, education, shopping and human contact right where people live, would also considerably ease traffic, much as afforestation, erosion control and gully-plugging controls river floods. As a Boston lady once put it, "I don't need to travel because I live there already."

But most importantly, perhaps, the New Towns could provide sensible and attractive low cost housing and open the Negro ghetto. Despite some good will and federal incentives, downtown land is simply too expen-

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sive to provide a decent living environment for large families with small means. On virgin land, acquired by the government, it should be far easier to build low houses with gardens for poor and lower-middle income people rather than the high-rise human filing cabinets we are giving them now. It should, furthermore, be possible to evolve a system of government-insured mortgaging that will give the poor the same opportunity for home ownership that those served by FHA now enjoy. This would go far toward eliminating vandalism and other problems public-housing projects are plagued with. People take greater pride in homes they own themselves. Once the plans are made, development of government-owned land could proceed slowly as needs arise and employment becomes available. There need be no pressure for hasty land disposition as there is in urban renewal and no costly land speculation.

As Abrams and others have argued, the price of such orderly development is merely a slight adjustment in conventional thinking. We have accepted the fact that municipalities, states and the federal government buy urban land and sell it at discount to private developers. Now we must merely adjust to applying the same principle to open land. Why should slum clearance be OK and slum prevention be taboo? Why should we allow the government in urban renewal but not in urban creation? The only alternative to ugly cities are planned cities. The only alternative to slurbs is a planned countryside which assures all Americans the freedom of choice to live where and as they wish. Now, housing projects and highways continue to mushroom without plan and at exorbitant cost in money, efficiency and beauty. Gas stations and supermarkets continue to blight the habitat wherever their proprietors see fit. Schools are becoming increasingly expensive and hard to get to. And open country for fresh air, watershed management, wildlife and recreation continues to dwindle.

The Future for New Towns

For the renewal of the central city, New Towns could go far to remove two great handicaps: traffic congestion and the near impossible task of providing inexpensive housing for those who keep coming into the city and those displaced by slum clearance. If the poor can be happily housed in the New Towns and only then, can we with good conscience concentrate our urban renewal efforts on decongesting and revitalizing the inner city, on making it an attractive bustling and stimulating concentration of metropolitan functions. This includes the concentration of offices and fine places of commerce and culture as well as of apartments and townhouses for those who serve and patronize them. These people also happen to be the ones who pay higher taxes. Such urban renewal, uninhibited by the pressure to meet low-cost housing needs, can then also concentrate on an intensive effort to rehabilitate and conserve the aging structures of the middle city. We simply can no longer afford to let our old buildings deteriorate if we hope to house our exploding population.

In short, a New Town program must supplement, not replace, the present urban renewal program. That program, despite flaws and hardships, should not be hampered by Congressional restrictions. On the contrary, our urban renewal efforts need encouragement to press for more comprehensive and intelligent city planning, for a greater emphasis on good design and for a reform of outdated zoning and building codes. These things cannot be federally legislated. They require greater urban sophistication on the local scene. Cities must reform a real estate tax system which now rewards the slumlords and speculators. And cities must bear down on the real estate "profession" if it doesn't find ways of cleaning its own house.

So far New Towns have been officially recommended only to the state of California. But the federal government, too, is beginning to think about them. Urban Renewal Administrator William L. Slayton has assigned a special assistant, Tracy B. Augur, to study the matter.

There are not only legal advantages of inducing the states to assume a greater responsibility for regional planning, the lack of which accounts largely for the mess we are in. No one, to date, has come up with effective means to assure the full and continued cooperation of America's more than 16,000 jealous local authorities on such simple matters as sewers, water pipes, traffic and smog control, building regulations and other essentials of a livable environment. Only one sprawling US Megalopolis, Dade County, Florida, has metropolitan government and that functions only when its 27 jurisdictions agree on what constitutes a common metropolitan interest, which is rarely. Special authorities for inter-municipal and inter-state problems, such as ports, are being tried. But these work only if they can levy their own taxes which then tend to drain revenues needed more urgently for other purposes. There are, therefore, some people who feel that, perhaps, the states ought to be given a try. On interstate problems it might be more fruitful to let one governor talk to another than to leave matters at the mercy of subordinate bureaucrats on varying levels. What's more, governors might like the idea of a New Town named after them.

Most of our states, to be sure, are still dominated by the rural mind. But as Housing Administrator Weaver has said earlier this month, the United States "is an urban country, and it will have to behave like an urban country." One doesn't have to travel to Delos to see that the torrential expansion and deterioration of our cities entails grave risks.

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The Legacy of Louis MacNeice

by Richard M. Elman

Louis MacNeice, who died in London September 3 at the age of 55, spent a good portion of his later poetical career avoiding some of the melodramatic excesses of diction that first typified his fame. Sometimes he chose bare statement. At other times, he was a poet of wit and ingenuity, a parodist who spoke to be ironic and who seemed compelled to describe all experience obliquely, occasionally parodying himself, and usually avoiding direct iambic movement, or using it only to make a mockery of it.

MacNeice believed poets should be articulate about a wide range of human experience. He was a "modernist" who alternated between poems of private sensibility and public subject matter during nearly all of his career, but he did not limit himself as to methods, and he was not afraid of making and then publishing his mistakes. If so few of his first lines are memorable in the way that some modern poets have sought to make initial reverberations, it was partly because he did not like to court the Apocalypse (a characteristic theme is embodied in the title to an early poem, "Homage to Clichés"), and partly because nearly all his best poems are either playful or else they make rigorous use of very ordinary language – something which many modern poets choose to avoid.

MacNeice, a gifted and skillful translator of Goethe and the classical poets, could often seem as urbane as are most English literary journalists, but what is surprising in his case is that so much of what was once considered *chic* still lives. English literary fashions would seem to have a far more coherent and literate base than their American counterparts; MacNeice, to stay alive, had to argue well. He was imitated; later he was even parodied; or he was attacked straight on; yet he survived and continued writing, and was one of the few poets that I know of to have made a relatively successful use of accentual meters in English – sometimes at the expense of great awkwardness and flatness, but often with surprising results, especially in the shorter lyrics where his sense of the speech of the moment is not something put on but something quite real, contemporary, unique, since it is merely a refinement of his own cultivated human voice.

I stress MacNeice's poetical accomplishments because they have been rarely stressed by others, and because they were – to judge from the work itself – a more or less deliberate effort to break with a kind of writing that was fast becoming anomalous. MacNeice began his career as part of a well-publicized triumvirate of English lyricists who, at the very moment of England's and Europe's greatest crisis, attempted to create a new style – mainly out of borrowings – that would be reflective of some of the elements of that crisis. Such a style was compounded out of various idioms: it parodied the dying echoes of upper- and middle-class speech, was bitter about the working classes in the language of the working classes, attempted to use the argot of technology, the diction of Marx and Freud, and the journalese of the anti-Fascist movement – it did all these things so as to make a relevant statement about the crisis which, as viewed by people like MacNeice, seemed to have its roots in the failure of a whole civilization, although it could perhaps be confronted most directly through the English industrial landscape.

Reading through the early poems and manifestoes of Auden, Spender, and MacNeice, I was struck more than once by the enormous dissimilarities of talent and sensibility in these three poets while, at the same time, I was quite aware of echoes of one another from page to page. Lines such as "Your drums and your dolled up virgins and your ignorant dead," or the phrase "significant living and decent dying," or this couplet from an early eclogue: "The excess sugar of a dying culture/ Rotting the nerve of life and literature" – such lines could decently pass as Audenesque or as early C. Day Lewis, but they are characteristic of the early MacNeice. The impact of such a group of precocious and, presumably, virtuoso poets on one another has been described intimately by Stephen Spender in his autobiography. If they all wrote too much (and if it was sometimes difficult to distinguish their commitments from mere fashions), they were also entirely self-conscious artists, genuinely in a ferment. Spender later became a

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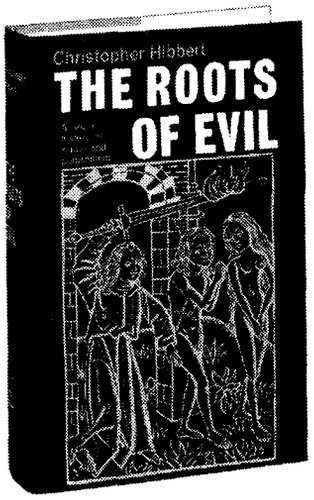

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visionary, Auden a flashy professional with many styles, but MacNeice kept some of his original purposes. Very early he seems to have set himself the task of remaining steadfast, of purifying the ground-breaking efforts of his fellows. Eventually he went so far as to purge his style of a good deal of agitprop, without casting aside concerns and commitments. Remarkable, too, is the fact that as he became less glib and mannered he did not become inept or even defenseless. Rather it was as if his cultivation was being given an opportunity to show itself. MacNeice was to become a far more distinguished poet in later life than he might have ever imagined as a bright young Left undergraduate.

MacNeice's published work is large. His *Collected Poems 1925-1948*, reissued this Spring by the Oxford University Press, reprints even some juvenilia of interest, although, when he made a later selection in 1959 for the volume *Eighty-Five Poems* he tended to be rather arbitrary about what he left in and what he left out. Two slim volumes followed the publication of *Eighty-Five Poems*, and this month a posthumously published volume entitled *The Burning Perch* has been issued by Oxford. Given his self-stated role as a professional poet who wrote verse dramas and eclogues for the BBC and who was often addicted to the occasional poem, the topical poem, one can be impressed by MacNeice's relatively high standards for his own work. He was a dilletante but he was never dilletantish about his poetry. And since much of the charm of it is as a kind of record of daily living, of travels, adventures, conclusions, and observations, all arrived at from day to day but with a certain consistency of reasoning, one cannot fault him for publishing as much as he did. Sometimes MacNeice's themes were little more than the expression of certain commonly shared sentiments (private and political) but, given his credo of the poet as the educated ordinary man, that form of engagement was a little less willful than some of his earlier moods.

And the results were interesting, if not always important. The business of being a minor poet didn't seem to bother MacNeice; he wrote some poems about it. His later poems are the work of a widely read man of wit and perception who tried to make the necessary connections between what he wrote, the way he lived, and what he read, and who often chose deceptively modest forms and a pellucid idiom of language to comment upon himself as a part of the commonweal. Sometimes this language was deliberately flattened out to serve notice on the audience to respond without romantic excess. Occasionally the masculine rhythms of Old English and Icelandic verse forms were used. And there are even times when the lucidity seems to be about his own confusions, and when a poem seems to proceed lucidly enough toward a point of emotional and intellectual obscurity, a vagueness. But MacNeice never denied there were mysteries. An early poem begins "the familiar rhythms but the unknown implications," and in another poem of the same period entitled "Nature Morte" he made a characteristic observation about the painter Chardin:

"... The appalling unrest of the soul
Exhudes from the dried fish and the
brown jug and the bowl."

I think it should be pointed out that the charm of such a poetry can only be momentary; it is essayistic, discursive, not incantative. Rarely can the poet call upon hallucination to do his work for him. MacNeice had to articulate without too much spiritual noise-making. In his case this was apt to cause a certain monotony of tone. It also made it possible for certain formulary sentiments to displace profound feeling. Being so matter-of-fact could be an excuse for shoddiness. And since one of his primary modes of satire was to imitate the inanities and jingles of others

MacNeice – Books in Print

Collected Poems 1925-1948 ($6)
Ten Burnt Offerings ($1.70)
Solstices ($3.50)
Visitations ($1.70)
Eighty-Five Poems ($3.50)
The Burning Perch ($3.75)

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to excess, he was often not as flexible and precise in that mode of writing as he was in his lyrics; it is hard, after all, to make doggerel seem attractive. But such instances are still rare enough in *The Collected Poems* so that one has trouble in choosing the best examples of his mature manner from the multitude of likely candidates. Certain descriptions of the sea, of Irish city and countryside, and of travelling on trains, come to mind immediately. In all of these relatively short poems observation and evocation have a cumulative effect; MacNeice rarely tried to overpower his readers as did a Dylan Thomas. The primitive style of the poems reminds one a little of Hardy but they have their unique qualities, being so particularized and accurate, compassionate but always scrupulously objective.

The obituary writers tell us that MacNeice often drew on classical models, especially Horace. The most obvious example of that kind of inspiration is to be found in *The Autumn Journal* which consumes nearly 60 pages in *The Collected Poems*. *Autumn Journal* was composed at the time of Munich. To get through it today, exactly 25 years later, is an effort of will. It is part sentimental Left journalism (not without its disillusioning charms) and part a summing up of his and a generation's experiences. Vast acres of dullness are interrupted by only occasional moments of personal illumination. After rereading the work (which I read first in a Freshman English survey after having been exposed in high-school to a diet of Norman Corwin, Ogden Nash and Wordsworth's *Preludes*) I can sympathize with the late Roy Campbell's witticism about "some South African novelists":

> You praise the firm restraint with which they write –
> I'm with you there, of course:
> They use the snaffle and the curb allright,
> But where's the bloody horse.

Defenders of *Autumn Journal* may point out at this stage that what seems prosaic to my ear can be explained by my unfamiliarity with classical movements. True enough perhaps. But when poetry only differs musically from prose by seeming more awkward and inverted, then I think one can honestly maintain that it may be good classicism but it is bad prose.

In his later poems Louis MacNeice was to revisit some of his favorite themes: love, memory, childhood, riddles, London life and the London landscape, the classical moods newly observed, history. *The Burning Perch* contains nearly forty short lyrics, many of which appeared first in familiar places like *The New Statesman* and *Encounter*. There is a series of riddles about certain personalities of our time, obviously drawn from life, but rather obscure as a result. There are a couple of adult nursery rhymes, and the usual poems of general wisdom that one expects from an aging English poet. There is a Coda in the form of a love poem that falls flat because one never knows for sure who is saying what to whom on what occasion. There are also several curious examples of his extremely civilized nostalgia for the ordinary which are competent enough, but seem not particularly inspired. In fact, that is how one could be forced to judge this entire final volume were it not for an unusually witty piece in somewhat recognizable iambics which, though unassuming and plain spoken, may be one of MacNeice's masterpieces. The subject matter is mortality; the tone is didactic. It is called "The Birthright":

> When I was born the row began,
> I had never asked to be a man;
> They had never asked if I could ride
> But shouted at me "Come outside,"
> Then hauled the rearing beast along
> And said: "Your charger right or wrong."
> His ears went back and so did I,
> I said "To mount him means to die,"
> They said "Of course"; the nightmare neighed.
> And I felt foolish and afraid.
> The sun came up, my feet stuck fast,
> The minutes, hours, and years went past,
> More chances missed than I could count,
> The stable boys cried: "Time to mount!"
> My jaw dropped and I gaped from drouth:
> My gift horse looked me in the mouth.

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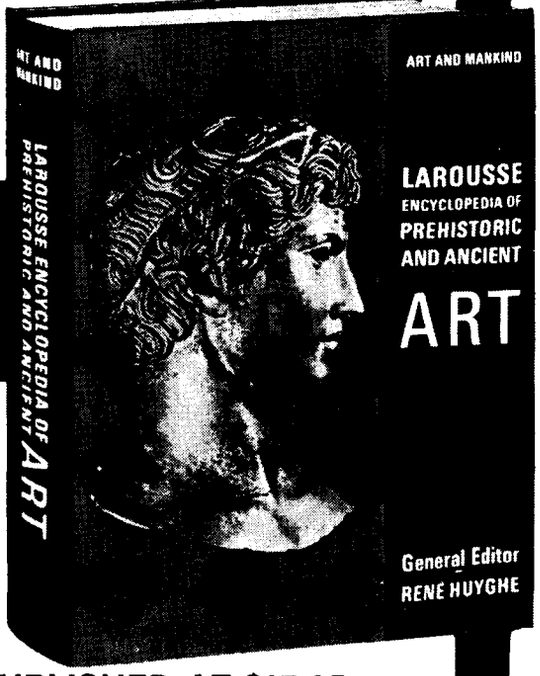

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Dr. Eisenhower's Bitter Wine

by Samuel Shapiro

"There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that revolution is inevitable in Latin America. The people are angry. They are shackled to the past with bonds of ignorance, injustice, and poverty. And they no longer accept as universal or inevitable the oppressive prevailing order which has filled their lives with toil, want, and pain."

These sentences, which might have been taken from an angry discourse by Fidel Castro, come from the opening paragraph of a book by President Eisenhower's brother, who was his special envoy to Latin America and is now chairman of the Critical Issues Council, a Republican counterpart to the Galbraith-Rostow-Schlesinger axis. Journalists and college professors have produced better documented and better written books with the same message, but Milton Eisenhower's ambassadorial status gave him the opportunity to include important behind-the-scenes knowledge; his frankness, his use of inside information (and, no doubt, his surname) have moved his book onto *The New York Times'* Best Seller list.

The Wine Is Bitter
by Milton Eisenhower
(Doubleday; $4.95)

Dr. Eisenhower understands, as John Foster Dulles did not, the "intolerably bad . . . unjust and oppressive" conditions that exist in so many areas south of the Rio Grande. He criticizes the State Department for its long-term opposition to an Inter-American Bank, admits that his brother made a mistake in handing out so many medals to Latin dictators, and lambastes Congress for its "alarming ignorance or apathy" in damaging Latin American commodity exports. His own liberal views on tariffs, foreign aid, social reform, and the need to cooperate with government-run enterprises are all the more impressive because he arrived at them reluctantly.

Dr. Eisenhower is much less convincing in his attempts to argue that a decisive change in our Latin American policy was brought about even before Castro came to power in Cuba. It is true that the stones and saliva showered upon Richard Nixon in 1958 led to the creation of the Inter-American Development Bank later that year (after the President had panicked and dispatched Marines and paratroopers to the Caribbean). But the other preliminaries to the Alliance for Progress came long after Castro had arrived in Havana: the Act of Bogotá in September, 1960, and the Charter of Punta del Este in August, 1961. And despite Dr. Eisenhower's repeated warnings against favors to Latin dictators, his brother's last months in office were marked by the sending of new military missions to Duvalier and Stroessner, the granting of an increased sugar quota to Trujillo, and the dispatch of a fleet to the Mosquito Coast to protect Ydigoras Fuentes and the Somoza brothers against a non-existent invasion from Cuba. Some unpleasant facts, like the increased tariff on Chilean copper, the quota on Venezuelan oil, the appointment of unqualified businessmen-ambassadors, and the CIA-sponsored invasion of Guatemala, Dr. Eisenhower does not mention at all. Others he tries to explain away: the President "reluctantly" adopted restrictive trade policies because Congress forced him to do so, and Pérez Jiménez got his medal "on the basis of procedures developed to the point of final action by the Truman administration."

Some of Dr. Eisenhower's most significant comments and revelations deal with Cuba and Castro. He understands that our difficulties there spring in part from mistakes made many decades ago:

"If, during the heyday of its interventionism in Cuba [he writes] the United States had initiated even a reasonable degree of social justice, universal education, and true democracy . . . all succeeding developments in our relations with Latin America would have been far different from what they proved to be. There would

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surely never have been a Batista or a Castro. And Cuba . . . could have been a stimulant to peaceful change. . . . Hemispheric hostility might have changed to warm friendship."

Dr. Eisenhower also regrets our failure to cut off arms shipments to Batista until March, 1958. But his account of Castro's first months in power is inaccurate. As for the American recruitment of an invasion force, once again President Eisenhower was a victim of circumstances and of the Cubans who had settled in Miami:

"President Eisenhower did not have any plan to sponsor an invasion of Cuba. He recognized that the day might come when an invasion by Cuban refugees would be irrepressible. . . . So he approved of [but did not order?] the CIA's organizing the Cuban disparate groups of refugees in the United States, giving them clothing, and arranging for their military training. There was no secret about this."

Where his brother was not involved in Cuban affairs, Dr. Eisenhower is much more critical of American policy. The Kennedy-Nixon debate on Cuba in 1960, he writes, "missed the mark widely [and] did nothing to enlighten the people of the United States." In a revealing penultimate chapter, he describes the part he played in the abortive Tractors-for-Prisoners Committee of 1961: how the President called to ask for his help, how he agreed to serve, the storm of public protest, Kennedy's evasive statement that "the United States government has not been and cannot be a party to these negotiations," Dr. Eisenhower's sending to the President "the bitterest letter I have ever written," and the collapse of the negotiations. In the exchange, Castro comes off as a better negotiator than his opponent in the White House; he asked for bulldozers and he insisted on bulldozers, and his price rose from $3 million to $28 million to an eventual $56 million.

Despite some errors of fact, an understandable fraternal bias, and misleading judgments of Latin American politicians (Dr. Eisenhower calls the cynical Arturo Frondizi "brave and brilliant," and describes the tired old Peruvian APRA as a "most active radical party," for example), *The Wine Is Bitter* does provide a general, if rambling, introduction to the area for the average reader.

What Man, What Myth?

by James MacGregor Burns

I shall put in for the Good Conduct Medal after reviewing this book. For weeks I have been slowly plowing through its 600 pages, ever mindful of my duty to read every word. What led me on was the hope that eventually there would be some new insight, some new array of facts, even a new accusation, that would illuminate the nature of John Kennedy or of the Presidency. This hope dwindled and then expired – just before I did.

JFK: The Man and the Myth
by Victor Lasky
(Macmillan; $7.95)

Mr. Lasky's scholarly technique is simple. On a frail narrative thread he has hung literally hundreds of quotations from newspapers and journals of opinion. Only from Republican newspapers like *The Chicago Tribune* or *The Indianapolis Star*? The author is not so maladroit. After citing conservative attacks on Kennedy for reckless spending, swollen government, Presidential aggrandizement and so on, he then quotes reformers who criticized the pre-White House Kennedy for his mixed and shifting stands on Truman's foreign policy, McCarthyism, civil rights, and civil liberties. Denunciations of Kennedy by Democratic opponents in party primary or convention fights – for example by Johnson and Humphrey – are solemnly quoted as proof of the proposition that even

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uncritical Democrats despise the man.

In 300,000 words there must be something new, I kept saying to myself. I found just one item of interest that had not been widely known: that Kennedy's grandfather, "Honey" Fitzgerald, was "expelled" from the House of Representatives by the House Election Committee in 1919 on the grounds that his election was fraudulent. But Mr. Lasky does not document this statement in his otherwise elaborate list of sources; committees do not "expel" members of Congress; and Fitzgerald's opponent, the previously incumbent Congressman, would normally have had an advantage in the decision over a contested election. For the rest, the author raises the same old charges, such as Kennedy's earlier "secret" marriage, without adding a single new bit of information. He repeats the old allegation that Kennedy contributed to Nixon's campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas, without documentation except for the statement of an obviously anti-Kennedy newspaperman.

JFK: The Man and the Myth is, then, a campaign bible for anti-Kennedyites in 1960, somehow mysteriously delayed in publication. It is not a campaign book for 1964, whatever its intent, because it hardly treats Kennedy's Presidency, which presumably will be the main issue of 1964. Mr. Lasky evidently dared not deal with Kennedy's Presidency at any length because he could not do so and stick to his central theme of an unprincipled, opportunistic, dishonest, synthetic Senator projected into office by his father's money and maneuvering. Kennedy's father has been ill during most of his Presidency, without any observable effect on JFK's effectiveness as a political leader. And when historians get around to documenting the policies that Kennedy has advanced since he has been in the White House they will find, I believe, that he has taken the most consistently liberal and internationalist positions in the history of the Presidency. Lasky's main charge against the pre-1961 Kennedy is that the young man was a politician. He painstakingly documents Kennedy's votes for the two-term limitation on the Presidency, for cuts in foreign aid, for cuts in agricultural and conservation appropriations, and the like, and then – presto! – compares the positions Kennedy took later as Presidential candidate and as President. What really bothers Mr. Lasky is that as President Kennedy has taken liberal positions. Why doesn't the author let this cat out of the bag? Because he is more concerned with pummeling the President from any direction – left, right, and below – than in explaining the Administration.

The pity of it is that we do need a detailed and scholarly study of John Kennedy's performance in office; we need to know more about whether the President's domestic program has largely failed because of lack of conviction or strategic political errors on his part, or because of the intractability of Congress and of the general political situation. We need to know much more about the internal tensions and dynamics of the Presidency as affected by the political background, philosophy, temperament, and sense of history of the incumbent. Mr. Lasky has illuminated none of these questions.

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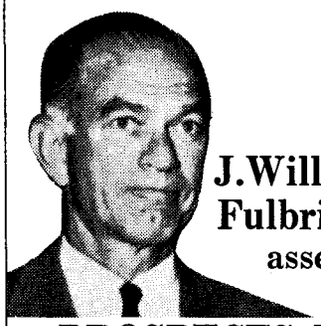

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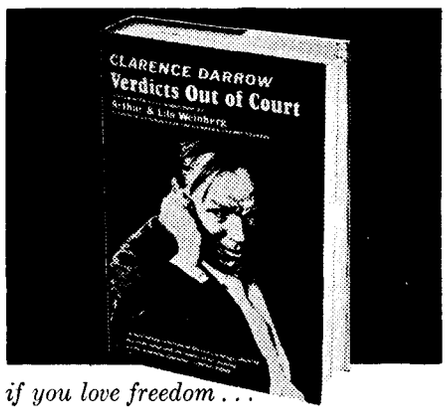
The Whitney Record

An upright aunt explained to me as a child that people out West got there because they were too shiftless to farm the good New England granite. I grew up with the image of renegade Yankees wearing out in succession the land of Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and fetching up on the Pacific where there was no place else to go. My view of the course of empire is now in drastic revision because the Whitney Museum is carving a similar – although northward – path and I know it's not because the Whitney people are a shiftless lot. Quite the contrary. The great move, from 8th Street to 54th Street, in Manhattan, was a move of expansion for greater service to the American art and the American art public which the museum serves. The recently announced future move, from 54th on up to 75th, will continue that expansion.

At first glance, this pattern of upward mobility may seem Laplandish, a tribal following of the reindeer herds. Certainly, when the Whitney opened its 8th Street doors, that's where most people interested in contemporary American art were located. Certainly, too, by the time of the 54th Street enterprise, the Museum of Modern Art, on 53rd, had created a new center. No less certainly, the new building at 75th and Madison, moves 20 blocks closer to an artistic center of gravity established by the locations of New York dealers and collectors and even, to some extent, artists.

But the reindeer hunting aspect is more apparent than real. For the Whitney has very largely brought this particular herd of reindeer into existence, which is to say that the Whitney is one of the more important reasons for widespread American interest in American art. In making the new move, some three years from now, the museum will be completing its own transition from action group of insurrectionaries to institution of record. The change caps the success of the Whitney, for when it began there was less need of a record and the absence of that need was reflected in the 54th Street building. The new building on 75th will be designed by Marcel Breuer and therefore has an excellent chance of being an architectural delight. Its main functional addition will be facilities for the more or less permanent exhibition of the Whitney's permanent collection. In recent years this has been the most desperately felt need on the part of visitors.

The Whitney change in favor of the record comes just at the end of a period in our art when it was felt by many not only that the record wasn't needed but its presence was an actively bad thing for artists and their public. Art had to be born again (with no reference to the past), about every six weeks, and while it had to be born out of the materials and motions of art itself, with no reference to the world of other people, it was felt to be bad for an artist to be aware of other art. This



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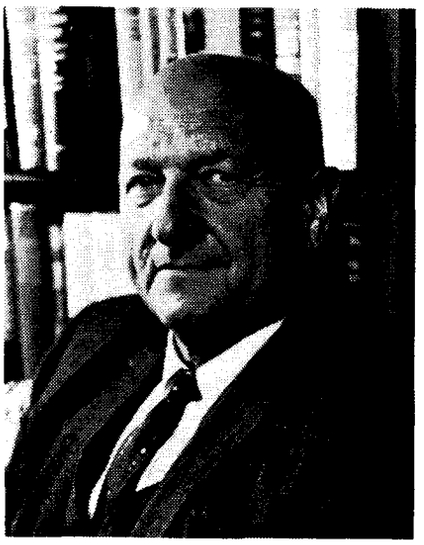

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double prohibition defied the entire history of art and produced some pretty pretentious absurdity. It's a good period to be out of.

To mark the end of it and to point ahead to the coming uptown move, the Whitney has hung an enormous and dazzling show from the permanent collection, "Sixty Years of American Art." The show is not only an always needed reminder that modern American art dates back well before last week's nonesuch began chewing on canvas to create masticatory painting, it is also a reminder of how close to the heart of modern American developments the Whitney has always been. To a surprisingly large degree, our common memory of the progress of American painting is measured by individual pictures which the Whitney, over the years, has bought and shown. A lot of them are on view there now and will be all the time in the new building.

We forget too easily the sheer exhuberance with which the Eight began, early in the century, kicking those ash cans around. Henri, Sloan and their friends have been regularly attacked in recent years because they lacked the wit to throw paint or even dribble it. But they look very good on the top floor of the exhibition. Sloan's view of black cats and kids in Greenwich Village snow pulses with winter sunshine and, after 50 years, makes a good case that joy can be as aesthetically fruitful as Weltschmerz, though it will never be as attractive to the adolescent. The same kind of sheer high feelings aroused by sun in winter shimmer through the large Bellows "Floating Ice" of the same period along the Hudson. In both pictures there is present the experience of the painter with his paint – Sloan's patterns with those cats and snow banks, Bellows' thins and thicks of sky and water separated and joined by the high white of the Palisades – both pictures also present the experience of the painter with his world, which, as it happens, is a world familiar to other people as well. Whether this and related notions of painting are gone forever under the impact of Einstein and Durkheim is really irrelevant. The point is that such notions once did animate American artists and were involved in the production of a great deal of 20th Century

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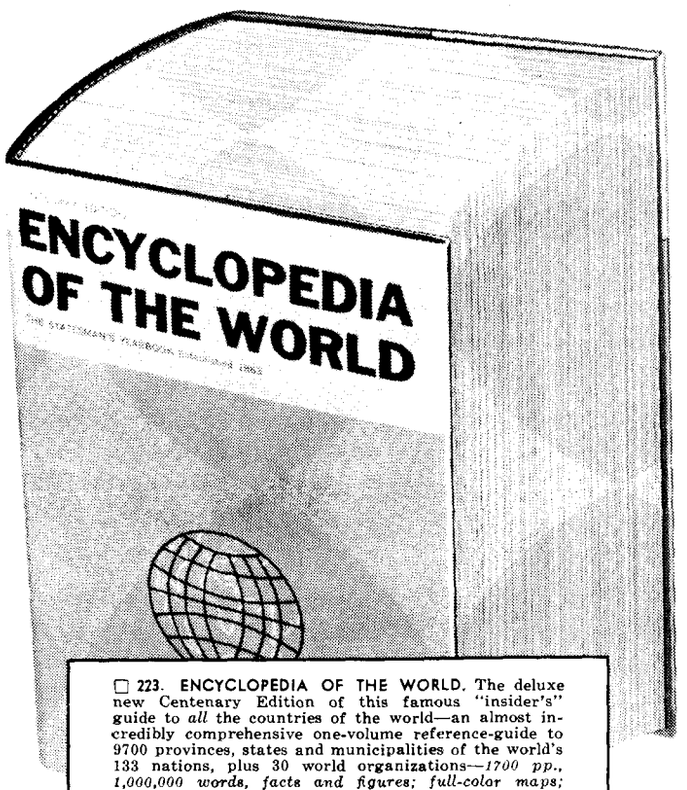

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American art of enduring value. The permanent collection at the Whitney redeems the past.

That particular past, of course, has in fact survived not only nuclear fission and psychic anomie but even aesthetic ukases that such things can no longer be. The Whitney record continues right up to the present decade and all the way down the line American painters may be seen concerned with the world they share with us as well as with their psychic experience of paint. Arshile Gorky, for example, one of the many fathers of action painting, is represented not only by the abstract surrealism of "The Betrothel," full of writhing, suggestive, organic forms, but also by the early "Artist and his Mother," a monumental immigrant family portrait. Aspects of Sloan's city are viewed and fixed forever by Edward Hopper in "Early Sunday Morning," 1930, with light falling almost horizontally on yellow shades amid red brick, and by George Tooker in "Subway," 1950, with the chilling perception of the corridors and their inhabitants underground.

The Whitney has always dedicated itself to finding out what was going on and preferably everything that was going on; it has thus offended any number of the keepers of the current imperatives of art history. But when, as now, last year's imperatives no longer seem quite as dominant as they did when first announced, the record at the Whitney remains a source of pride and joy for us all. For the record to be permanently visible will be a great benefit.

FRANK GETLEIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Julius Duscha *works for* The Washington Post. Howard Zinn *taught for seven years at Spelman College, a Negro institution in Atlanta.* Takashi Oka *is Far Eastern correspondent for* The Christian Science Monitor. Richard Elman *is director of drama and literature at Radio Station WBAI in New York.* Samuel Shapiro *has just joined the faculty of Notre Dame.* James MacGregor Burns, *a professor of political science at Williams College, is the author of* John Kennedy: A Political Profile.

Correspondence

Beauty and the Planners

Sirs:

I have been closely following the series, "Urban Renewal and the City," and have just finished number IV, "Beauty and the Planners" (October 5).

It certainly is true that highway planning and construction has defeated the whole purpose of city planning for modern living and civic beauty. The hundreds of parking lots which clog the downtown Los Angeles area attest to this truth, and the thousands of automobiles which are attracted to the freeways, and consequently dumped onto the city streets, only make this an ugly and difficult metropolitan area in which to live.

But certainly the highway interests have not been as successful as Mr. Von Eckardt suggests. I have in mind the City of Cleveland, which, after rejecting the theory of auto transportation as an essential fact, has, in the past ten years, developed a most successful rapid transit system, tying it in with the equally successful system operated into Cleveland by the City of Shaker Heights, a Cleveland suburb. May I also mention rapid transit developments in Boston and Chicago, expansions and modernizations, perhaps, but progress nevertheless, to say nothing of the present transportation developments in the Philadelphia area.

Robert A. Ramsay
Arcadia, California

Economics and Pigmentation

Sirs:

In his review of Henderson's *The Economic Status of Negroes* (October 12) Eli Ginzberg says that there is a great need for more factual information about the Negro in order to properly evaluate the economic effects of discrimination. Undismayed by this paucity of data, Ginzberg still manages to reach the conclusion that racial discrimination ranks a lowly *fifth* as a cause of high Negro unemployment.

However, there has been at least one recent study which did attempt to analyze the economic status of Negroes

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versus whites by educational level, by region, by occupation group – the very kinds of refined factual analysis which Ginzberg finds lacking. In a paper presented on July 31, 1963, to the Senate Subcommittee on Employment and Manpower, Herman P. Miller of the US Bureau of the Census, presented statistics which were damaging, among other things, to the notion that the Negro's low economic status can be explained away largely by poor educational attainment: ". . . even when non-white men are educated and are employed in a trade or profession," Miller found "their earnings are far below those of whites with the same number of years of schooling and doing the same kinds of work." Moreover, the relative earnings gap between whites and Negroes actually *increases* with educational attainment!

The census statistics provide a discouraging picture of the impact of discriminatory employment practices on the Negro. The study cited above states that "the fact of the matter is that the average non-white with four years of college can expect to earn less over a lifetime than the white who did not go beyond the eighth grade." Nor was there much difference in the figures between North and South.

Ginzberg poses a question: "If all the Negroes in America were to lose their pigmentation overnight, how many problems would be solved, how many would persist?" The answer suggested by census statistics is that there would be a lot more of them solved than Ginzberg imagines.

Eugene Kramer
Pittsburgh, Penna.

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